

THE
L I F E
AND
O P I N I O N S
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

first Edition, 1762.

Dixero si quid fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris

Cum venia dabis.——

HOR.

—Si quis calumniatur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum— non Ego, sed Democritus dixit—— ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba jocularia, visum moventia sciebat anathema esto.

Second Council of CARTHAGE.

V O L. V.

LONDON Printed for D. LYNCH,
MDCCLXVII.

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Non Ego, sed Democritus
dixit.

Burton in his Anatomy
of Melancholy assumed
the name of Democritus;
and Sterne has stolen
pages from it without
any acknowledgment
than this which perhaps
he did not intend.

"The title of Fribham &
"the assumption of Yorick
"were probably suggested
"by Burtons apologies for
"styling himself Democritus
"Junior, and for his Title
"Page. from Sceriar p 57.

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M

1714 V. 1. P 420.

On Whiskers &c

Vainement il a voulu éclaircir ce chapitre par des recherches historiques; le seul fruit de ses peines a été de trouver que M^{lle} de Rebours et la Hesseuse sont citées dans plusieurs livres, et notamment dans les mémoires de Marguerite de Valois comme maîtresses de Henri 4.

Quant à Guicé, Maronette Battarelle &c &c, le hasard les lui^a offert dans la nombreuse liste des Témoins entendu au procès de Girarde & la Cadrière.

The French Translator of Gresham Shandy.

Rebours is mentioned by
• Brantôme. Serriers. P 100
and by Sully.

To the Right Honourable

J O H N

Lord Viscount S P E N C E R.

My LORD,

I Humbly beg leave to offer you these two Volumes; they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce:—had providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this work to you, I join Lady SPENCER, in the liberty I take of inscribing the story of *Le Fever* in

D E D I C A T I O N.

the sixth volume to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted,

And most humble Servant.

LAUR. STERNE.

T H E
L I F E and O P I N I O N S
O F
T R I S T R A M S H A N D Y, Gent.

C H A P. I.

IF it had not been for those two mettlesome tits, and that madcap of a postilion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning—there was a slope of three miles and a half—we scarce touched the ground—the motion was most rapid—most impetuous---’twas communicated to my brain—my heart partook of it——“By the great God of day,” said I, looking towards the sun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaise, as I made

my vow, " I will lock up my study door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the surface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my house."

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution : it hung tottering upon the hill, scarce progressive, drag'd—drag'd up by eight *heavy beasts*——" by main strength !——quoth I, nodding——but your betters draw the same way——and something of every bodies !——O rare !"

Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding so much to the *bulk*——so little to the *stock*?

" Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another ? *Burtons Preface verbatim—p-7*

Are we for ever to be twisting, and untwisting the same rope ? for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace ?

Shall

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be shewing the *relicks of learning*, as monks do the relicks of their saints—without working one—one single miracle with them ?

" Who made *Man*, with powers which dart him
 " from earth to heaven in a moment—that great,
 " that most excellent, and most noble creature
 " of the world---the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaster
 " in his book *πρὶ φῶτος* called him---the SHE-
 " KINAH of the divine presence, as Chrysostom---
 " the *image* of God, as Moses—the *ray* of divinity,
 " as Plato—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Aristotle—
 " to go sneaking on at this pitiful—pimping—
 " pittifogging rate ? *Burton Pages.*

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion—but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in *Great Britain, France and Ireland*, had the farcy for his pains ; and that there was a good farcical house, large enough to hold—aye—and sublimate them, *shag-rag* and *bob-tail*, male and female, all together : and this leads me to the affair of *Whiskers*—but, by what

La Fropense & La Rebours are here said to be inseparable, p. 180. They were Misses of Henry 4th; and Queen Margareta in her memoirs, page 163 gives an account of the former being seized in the chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in most main to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

✕ *Upon Whiskers.*

I'm sorry I made it—'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head—A chapter upon whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it—'tis a delicate world—but I knew not of what mettle it was made—nor had I ever seen the underwritten fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still; (let the world say what it will to the contrary) so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

The Fragment.

* * * * *

* * ——— You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word *Whiskers*—shall we change the subject? By no means, replied the old

night at Nerac, where she became
the mother of *Girl*; during which time
she was attended with the greatest
tenderness by the ¹⁷⁸ Queen herself.

old lady—— I like your account of these matters: so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself—— I desire, continued she, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows.— Whiskers ! cried the queen of *Navarre*, dropping her knotting ball, as *La Fosseuse* uttered the word —— Whiskers ; madam, said *La Fosseuse*, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice : and every letter of the word *whiskers* fell distinctly upon the queen of *Navarre's* ear —— Whiskers ! cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears —— Whiskers ; replied *La Fosseuse*, repeating the word a third time —— There is not a cavalier, madam, of his age in *Navarre*, continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the queen, that has so gallant a pair —— Of what ?
cried

An Officer called *La Croix* was
killed at the taking of *Flam* from
the Spaniards. See *Sully B7-V2-P131*
A.D. 1595. (179)

cried *Margaret*, smiling—Of whiskers, said *La Fosseuse*, with infinite modesty.

The word whiskers still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of *Navarre*, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which *La Fosseuse* had made of it: the truth was, *La Fosseuse* had pronounced the word, not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery ——— And as the court of *Margaret*, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion———and whiskers being as applicable to the one, as the other, the word naturally stood its ground———it gain'd full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it———the laity were against it—and for the women, —they were divided———

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young *Sieur de Croix*,^x was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terras before the palace gate, where the guard was mounted. The
Lady

Lady *de Bauffiere* fell deeply in love with him, — *La Battarelle* did the same — it was the finest weather for it, that ever was remembered in *Navarre* — *La Guyol*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, fell in love with the *Sieur de Croix* also — *La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* knew better — *De Croix* had failed in an attempt to recommend himself to *La Rebours*; and *La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* were inseparable.

The queen of *Navarre* was sitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the second court, as *De Croix* passed through it — He is handsome, said the Lady *Bauffiere*. — He has a good mien, said *La Battarelle*. — He is finely shaped, said *La Guyol*. — I never saw an officer of the horse-guards in my life, said *La Maronette*, with two such legs — Or who stood so well upon them, said *La Sabatiere*. — But he has no whiskers, cried *La Fosseuse*. — Not a pile, said *La Rebours*.

See I. ave
makes a Man
Act I
the conve
sation about
Clodion
in Ma-
dam.
Apartment.

The Queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery,

gallery, upon the subject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy——*Ave Maria* †——what can *La Fosseuse* mean? said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired instantly to their chambers,——Whiskers! said all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the inside.

The Lady *Carnavallette* was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected under her farthingal——from *St. Antony* down to *St. Ursula* inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; *St. Francis, St. Dominick, St. Bennet, St. Basil, St. Bridget*, had all whiskers.

The Lady *Baussiere* had got into a wilderness of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon *La Fosseuse's* text——She mounted her palfry, her page followed her——the host passed by——the lady *Baussiere* rode on.

426 *Basin* One denier, cried the order of mercy——
one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient

tient captives, whose eyes look towards heaven
and you for their redemption.

——The Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable,
hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box,
begirt with iron, in his withered hands—I
beg for the unfortunate—good, my lady, 'tis
for a prison—for an hospital—'tis for an
old man—a poor man undone by shipwreck,
by suretyship, by fire—I call God and all his
angels to witness—'tis to cloath the naked
——to feed the hungry—'tis to comfort the
sick and the broken hearted.

The Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

" A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the
ground. "

* V. Bur:
the
1011
p. 426

——The Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one side of
her palfry, conjuring her by the former bonds
of

of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.——
 Cousin, aunt, sister, mother——for virtue's
 sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's
 sake remember me—pity me.

Burton The Lady *Baussiere* rode on."

Take hold of my whiskers, said the Lady
Baussiere——The page took hold of her
 palfry. She dismounted at the end of the
 terrace.

There are some trains of certain ideas which
 leave prints of themselves about our eyes and
 eye-brows ; and there is a consciousness of it,
 somewhere about the heart, which serves but to
 make these etchings the stronger——we see,
 spell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha ! hee, hee ! cried *La Guyol* and *La*
Sabatiere, looking close at each others prints
 ——Ho, ho ! cried *La Battarelle* and *Maro-*
nette, doing the same:——Whist ! cried
 one——ft, ft, ——said a second,——hush,
 quoth a third——poo, poo, replied a fourth——
 gramercy !

gramercy ! cried the Lady *Carnavallette* ; —
 'twas she who bewhisker'd St. *Bridget*. 12 181

La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into *La Rebours's* hand — *La Rebours* shook her head.

The Lady *Bauffiere* cough'd thrice into the inside of her muff — *La Guyot* smiled —
 Fy, said the Lady *Bauffiere*. The queen of *Navarre* touched her eye with the tip of her fore finger — as much as to say, I understand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court the word was ruined : *La Fosseuse* had given it a wound, and it was not the better for passing through all these defiles — It made a faint stand, however, for a few months, by the expiration of which, the *Sieur de Croix*, finding it high time to leave *Navarre* for want of whiskers — the word in course became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

The

The best word, in the best language of the best world, must have suffered under such combinations.—The curate of *d'Estella* wrote a book against them, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the *Navarois* against them.

Does not all the world know, said the curate *d'Estella* at the conclusion of his work, that Noses ran the same fate some centuries ago in most parts of *Europe*, which whiskers have now done in the kingdom of *Navarre*—The evil indeed spread no further then—, but have not beds and bolsters, and night-caps and chamber-pots stood upon the brink of destruction ever since? Are not trouse, and placket-holes, and pump-handles—and spigots and faucets, in danger still, from the same association?—chastity, by nature, the gentlest of all affections—give it but its head—'tis like a ramping and and a roaring lion.

The drift of the curate *d'Estella's* argument was not understood.—They ran the scent the wrong way.—The world bridled his ass at the tail—And when the *extreams* of
DELICACY,

DELICACY, and the *beginnings* of CONCUPI-
SCENCE, hold their next provincial chapter
together, they may decree that bawdy also.

C H A P. II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother *Bobby's* death, he was ^{10/62} busy calculating the expence of his riding post from *Calais* to *Paris*, and so on to *Lyons*.

'T was a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by *Obadiab's* opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning, and ride in search of some.—
With all my heart, *Obadiab*, said my father, (pursuing his journey)—take the coach-horse, and welcome.—But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said *Obadiab*.—Poor creature; said my uncle *Toby*, vibrating the note back
VOL. V. N again,

again, like a string in unison. Then ride the *Scotch* horse, quoth my father hastily. He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth *Obadiab*, for the whole world.——The devil's in that horse; then take *PATRIOT*, cried my father, and shut the door. ——*PATRIOT* is sold, said *Obadiab*.—Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle *Toby's* face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact. ——Your worship ordered me to sell him last *April*, said *Obadiab*.—Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father.—I had much rather walk than ride, said *Obadiab*, shutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculation.——But the waters are out, said *Obadiab*,——opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of *Sanfon's*, and a book of the post roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon *Nevers*, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his
journey

journey and calculation, as soon as *Obadiab* quitted the room; but this second attack of *Obadiab's*, in opening the door and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compasses—or rather with a mixed motion betwixt accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to *Calais* (like many others) as wise as he had set out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of *Nevers*.—By your leave, *Monf. Sanfon*, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through *Nevers* into the table,——and nodding to my uncle *Toby*, to see what was in the letter——twice of one night is too much for an *English* gentleman and his son, *Monf. Sanfon*, to be turned back from so lousy a town as *Nevers*,—what think'st thou, *Toby*, added my father, in a sprightly tone.—Unless it be a garrison town, said my uncle *Toby*,—for then—I shall be a

N 2 fool,

fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live. So giving a second nod—and keeping his compasses still upon *Nevers* with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle *Toby* hummed over the letter.

— — — — —
 — — — — —
 — — — — —
 — — — — —

he's gone !

said my uncle *Toby*.—Where — Who ? cried my father — My nephew, said my uncle *Toby*.—What — without leave — without money — without governor ? cried my father in amazement. No :—he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—Without being ill ? cried my father again. — I dare say not, said my uncle *Toby*, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, he has been ill enough, poor lad ! I'll answer for him — for he is dead.

Burton — When *Agrippina* was told of her son's death,
Tacitus informs us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly
 337 broke

broke off her work——My father stuck his compasses into *Nevers*, but so much the faster——What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation——*Agrippina's* must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.

C H A P. III.

VI. Burton Melancholy p 336

——— And a chapter it shall have, and a devil of one too ——so look to yourselves.

'Tis either *Plato*, or *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, or *Xenophon*, or *Epicetus*, or *Theophrastus*, or *Lucian*——or some one perhaps of later date——either *Cardan*, or *Budeus*, or *Petrarch*, or *Stella*——or possibly it may be some divine or father of the church, *St. Austin*, or *St. Cyprian*, or *Barnard*, who affirms that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children——and *Seneca* (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel. ——

And accordingly we find, that David wept for
But his son *Absolom*—*Adrian*, for his *Antinous*——
ton *Niobe* for her children, and that *Appollodorus* and
p163 *Crito* both shed tears for *Socrates* before his death.

✱

My father managed his affliction otherwise ;
 and indeed differently from most men either
 ancient or modern ; for he neither wept it away,
 as the *Hebrews* and the *Romans*—— or slept
 it off, as the *Laplanders*—— or hang'd it, as
 the *English*, or drowned it, as the *Germans*——
 nor did he curse it or damn it, or excommuni-
 cate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it, ——

—— He got rid of it, however.

Will your worships give me leave to squeeze
 in a story between these two pages ?

Burton When *Tully* was bereft of his dear daughter
 339 *Tullia*, at first he laid it to his heart, —— he
 listened to the voice of nature, and modulated
 his own unto it. —— O my *Tullia* ! my daugh-
 ter ! my child ! —— still, still, still, ——
 'twas O my *Tullia* ! —— my *Tullia* ! Me-
 thinks I see my *Tullia*, I hear my *Tullia*, I talk
 with my *Tullia*. —— But as soon as he had
 began to look into the stores of philosophy, and
 con-

consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion——no body upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me. *See Jortins Tracts*
v2 . p 173

My father was as proud of his eloquence as MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO could be for his life, and for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason : it was indeed his strength——and his weakness too.——His strength——for he was by nature eloquent,——and his weakness——for he was hourly a dupe to it ; and provided an occasion in life would but permit him to shew his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one——(bating the case of a systematick misfortune)——he had all he wanted.——A blessing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which set it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal : sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two ; for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*——my father gained half in half, and consequently was as well again off, as it never had befallen him.

Un petit garçon de Paris apella un
autre, fils de Putain, qui s'en prit
à pleurer, et le vint dire à sa mère
qui lui dit : (193) Que ne lui as tu

This clue will unravel, what otherwise would
seem very inconsistent in my father's domestick
character ; and it is this, that in the provocations
arising from the neglects and blunders of ser-
vants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family,
his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally
ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which
he had consigned over to a most beautiful Ara-
bian horse, in order to have a pad out of her
for his own riding : he was sanguine in all his
projects ; so talked about his pad every day with
as absolute a security, as if it had been reared,
broke——and bridled and saddled at his
door ready for mounting. By some neglect or
other in *Obadiab*, it so fell out, that my father's
expectations were answered with nothing better
than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as
ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle *Toby* expected my
father would be the death of *Obadiab*——and
that there never would be an end of the disaster.
——See here ! you rascal, cried my father,
pointing to the mule, what you have done !—
It was not me, said *Obadiab*.——How do I
know that ? replied my father.

Triumph

dit qu'il avoit menti? Et que
savais je? dit il.
Berocald de (Moyen de Parvenir Toms
Verville, 1599. (194) p 69

Triumph swam in my father's eyes, at the Ferrier
repartee—the Attic salt brought water into p 33.
them——and so Obadiab heard no more about
it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.
Divinity & Philosophy will have a saying for
every thing. Montaigne B: 1 p 318.

×Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing. Habelais
—For Death it has an entire set; the misery B 3,
was, they all at once rushed into my father's p 22.
head, that 'twas difficult to string them toge-
ther, so as to make any thing of a consistent
show out of them.---He took them as they
came.

“ 'Tis an inevitable chance——the first Burton
“ statute in Magnâ Chartâ ——it is an ever. 339
“ lasting act of parliament, my dear brother,—
“ All must die.

“ If my son could not have died, it had
“ been matter of wonder, ——not that he is
“ dead.

“ Monarchs and princes dance in the same
“ ring with us.

“— To

“ — *To die*, is the great debt and tribute
 “ due unto nature : tombs and monuments,
 “ which should perpetuate our memories, pay it
 “ themselves ; and the proudest pyramid of them
 “ all, which wealth and science have erected,
 “ has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in
 “ the traveller’s horizon.” (My father found
 “ he got great ease, and went on) — “ King-

Burton “ doms and provinces, and towns and cities,
 340 “ have they not their periods ? and when those
 “ principles and powers, which at first cemented
 “ and put them together, have performed their
 “ several evolutions, they fall back.” —
 Brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*, laying down
 his pipe at the word *evolutions*—. Revolutions, I
 meant, quoth my father, — by heaven !
 I meant revolutions, brother *Toby* — evolu-
 tions is nonsense. — ’Tis not nonsense —
 said my uncle *Toby*. — But is it ^{not} nonsense to
 break the thread of such a discourse, upon such
 an occasion ? cried my father — do not —
 dear *Toby*, continued he, taking him by the hand,
 do not — do not, I beseech thee, interrupt
 me at this crisis. — My uncle *Toby* put his pipe
 into his mouth.

“ Where

" Where is *Troy* and *Mycenæ*, and *Thebes* and *Burton*
 " *Delos*, and *Persepolis*, and *Agrigentum*' ——— 340
 continued my father, taking up his book of
 post-roads, which he had laid down—" What
 " is become, brother *Toby*, of *Nineveh* and *Ba-*
 " *bylon*, of *Cizicum* and *Mitylenæ*? The fairest
 " towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now
 " no more: the names only are left, and those
 " (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling
 " themselves by piece-meals to decay, and in
 " length of time will be forgotten, and involved
 " with every thing in a perpetual night: the
 " world itself, brother *Toby*, must—must come
 " to an end

O X

" Returning out of *Asia*, when I sailed from *Burton*
 " *Ægina* towards *Megara*," (when can this have *p 340*
 been? thought my uncle *Toby*) I began to view the *See the*
 " country round about. *Ægina* was behind me, *Gulf of Ægina*
 " *Megārā* was before, *Pyræus* on the right hand, *in the*
 " *Corinth* on the left. ——— what flourishing *by in*
 " towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! *Europe*
 " alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb
 " his soul for the loss of a child, when so much
 " as this lies awfully buried in his presence—

O V T. Browns Letter " Remember.
 10 17

“Remember, said I to myself, again — — re-
 “member thou art a man.” —

Ep 5
 L 4
 ad
 Familiars

Now my uncle *Toby* knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of *Servius Sulpicius's* consolatory letter to *Tully*.—He had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity. — And as my father, whilst he was concerned in the *Turky* trade, had been three or four different times in the *Levant*, in one of which he had staid a whole year and a half at *Zant*, my uncle *Toby* naturally concluded, that in some one of these periods he had taken a trip across the *Archipelago* into *Asia*; and that all this sailing affair with *Ægina* behind, and *Megara* before, and *Pyræus* on the right hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and reflections. 'Twas certainly in his *manner*, and many an undertaking critick would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.— And pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption—— but waiting till he finished the account—— what year of our Lord was this? —— 'Twas no year of our Lord,

Lord, replied my father. ———. That's impossible, cried my uncle *Toby*. Simpleton ! said my father, ——— 'twas forty years before Christ was born.

My uncle *Toby* had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain. ——— “ May the Lord God of Heaven
“ and earth protect him and restore him,” said my uncle *Toby*, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.

“ There is not such great odds, brother *To'y*,
“ betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines”
—— (this way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle *Toby's* suspicions.
—— “ Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want,
“ and woe, are the fauces of life.” ——
Much good may do them —— said my uncle *Toby* to himself. ——

x “ My son is dead ! —— so much the better ; *V2 Ka-*
“ — 'tis *clair*
20

¶ Nam nos decebat cœtus celebrantes domum
 Lugere, ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus
 Humana vitæ varia reputantes, mala.
 At qui labores morte finisset graves,
 Omnes Amicos laudat, 199 *of Latin exsequi*
Cic. Tus. Quæst.

“—’tis a shame in such a tempest to have but
 “one anchor.”

er from

“But he is gone for ever us! —

“be it so He is got from under the hands of

Burton “his barber before he was bald — he is but

341 “risen from a feast before he was surfeited —

“from a banquet before he had got drunken.”

Cic. Tus. Quæst. “The Thracians wept when a child was

born” — (and we were very near it, quoth

Li. AAA2. my uncle Toby) — “and feasted and made

Euripides “merry when a man went out of the world ;

in Cephæus. “and with reason — Death opens the gate of

Burton “fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it, —

342 “it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts

“the bondsman’s task into another man’s hands.”

“Shew me the man, who knows what life is,

“who dreads it, and I’ll shew thee a prisoner

“who dreads his liberty.”

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby, (for
 mark — our appetites are but diseases) — is

Burton it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?

343. — not to thirst, than to take physick to cure
 it?

¶ Lugentur puerperia, natiq; deflentur;
 tur; funera contra festa suntu, & veluti
 sacra, cantu lusuq; celebrantur. Pompo-
 =nius Mela de Thracia; L2: C2. Sir John

Handville, from this passage makes
the Island of Women, Ch^r X CIII, which
make great sorrow when their children
are born, & great (200) joy when they
are dead.

Is it not better to be freed from cares and
agues, from love and melancholy, and the
other hot and cold fits of life, than like a galled *Burton*
traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be 340
bound to begin his journey afresh?

There is no terror, brother *Toby*, in its looks, *Ld Bar con. 12*
but what it borrows from groans and convul- *Essay*
sions——and the blowing of noses, and the 28th
wiping away of tears with the bottoms of cur- *See*
tains in a dying man's room.——Strip *Vol. 3*
it of these, what is it—— 'Tis better in battle 3rd
than in bed, said my uncle *Toby*.——Take *27*
away its herbes, its mutes, and its mourning,
——its plumes, scutcheons, and other me-
chanic aids——What is it?——*Better in battle*,
continued my father, smiling, for he had
absolutely forgot my brother *Bobby*——'tis ter-
rible no way——for consider, brother *Toby*, *Burton*
——when we are——death is not;—— 337.
and when death is——we are not. My uncle
Toby laid down his pipe to consider the proposi-
tion; my father's eloquence was too rapid to
stay for any man——away it went,——
and hurried my uncle *Toby's* ideas along with
it.——

For

Bacon " For this reason, continued my father, 'tis
W. says " worthy to recollect, how little alteration in
Ess. 28 " great men, the approaches of death have made.
V2 " — *Vespasian* died in a jest upon his close-stool
Watson " — *Galba* with a sentence — *Septimius Se-*
197. " *verus* in a dispatch — *Tiberius* in dissimulation, and
 " *Cæsar Augustus* in a compliment. — I hope 'twas
 " a sincere one — quoth my uncle *Toby*.

— 'Twas to his wife — said my father

See B. Rabelais. P 266 &c.

Richardsoniana, P 134 x 137, 137,
 C H A P. IV.

—— And lastly —— for of all the choice
 anecdotes which history can produce of this
 matter, continued my father, —— this like the
 gilded dome which covers in the fabrick ——
 crowns all. ——

∞ 'Tis of *Cornelius Gallus*, the prætor — which
 I dare say, brother *Toby*, you have read. ——
 I dare say I have not, replied my uncle. ——
 He died, said my father, as * * * * *
 * * * * * —— And if it
 was with his wife, said my uncle *Toby* ——

∞ *Montaigne B 1 C 19* there
Fal Ed P 32. Ouo Ed, VI P 99

there could be no hurt in it.—That's more than I know——replied my father.

C H A P. V.

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the passage which led to the parlour, as my uncle *Toby* pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a shrill, penetrating sound of itself, and *Obadiah* had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, so that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herself the subject of the conversation : so laying the edge of her finger across her two lips—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twist of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—she listened with all her powers :—— the listening slave, with the Goddess of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her stand for five minutes : till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as *Rapin* does those of the church) to the same period.

C H A P. VI.

THOUGH in one sense, our family was certainly a simple machine, as it consisted of a few wheels ; yet there was thus much to be said for it, that these wheels were set in motion by so many different springs, and acted one upon the other from such a variety of strange principles and impulses,—that though it was a simple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one, — and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were be-
held in the inside of a *Dutch* silk-mill.

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular, as in many others ; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered
in

in the parlour,——or a discourse suspended till a servant went out—or the lines of discontent were observed to hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing, or listening to 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar—as it stands just now,—which, under covert of the bad hinge, (and that possibly might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended) it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not indeed as wide as the *Dardane's*, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house;—my mother at this moment stands profiting by it,—*Obadiab* did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter on the table which brought the news of my brother's death; so that before my father had well got over his surprize, and entered upon his harangue,—had *Trim* got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject.

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all *Job's* stock—though, by the bye, *your curious observers are seldom worth a groat*—would have given the half of it, to have heard Corporal *Trim* and my father, two orators so contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the same bier.

My father a man of deep reading—prompt memory— with *Cato*, and *Seneca*, and *Epictetus*, at his fingers ends——

The corporal—with nothing—to remember——of no deeper reading than his muster-roll——or greater names at his finger's end, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy as he went along, (as men of wit and fancy do with the entertainment and pleatantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antithesis, or point, or turn, this way or that ; but leaving the images on one side, and the pictures on the other, going straight forwards as nature could
lead

lead him, to the heart. O *Trim*! would to heaven thou had'st a better historian!—would!—thy historian had a better pair of breeches!—O ye criticks! will nothing melt you?

C H A P. VII.

——My young master in *London* is dead! said *Obadiab*——

—A green fatten night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which *Obadiab*'s exclamation brought into *Susannah*'s head.——Well might *Locke* write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.——Then, quoth *Susannah*, we must all go into mourning.——But note a second time: the word *mourning*, notwithstanding *Susannah* made use of it herself——failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black,——all was green.——The green fatten night-gown hung there still.

—O! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried *Susannah*.——My mother's whole wardrobe

followed.—What a procession ! her red damask,—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow lutestrings,—her brown taffata,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—“No,—*she will never look up again,*” said *Susannah*.

We had a fat foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy, —He is dead, said *Obadiab*,—he is certainly dead !—So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

———— Here is sad news, *Trim* ! cried *Susannah*, wiping her eyes as *Trim* step’d into the kitchen, —master *Bobby* is dead and buried, —the funeral was an interpolation of *Susannah*’s, —we shall have all to go into mourning, said *Susannah*.

I hope not, said *Trim* !—You hope not ! cried *Susannah* earnestly. —The mourning ran not in *Trim*’s head, whatever it did in *Susannah*’s. —I hope, said *Trim*, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true,
———— I

— I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered *Obadiab*; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the ox-moon.

— Oh! he's dead, said *Susannah*. —
As sure, said the scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said *Trim*, fetching a sigh. — Poor creature! — poor boy! poor gentleman!

— He was alive last *Whitfentide*, said the coachman. — *Whitfentide*! alas! cried *Trim*, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon, — what is *Whitfentide*, *Jonathan*, (for that was the coachman's name) or *Shrove-tide*, or any tide of time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability) — and are we not — (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment! — 'Twas infinitely striking! *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears. — We are not stocks and stones. — *Jonathan*, *Obadiab*, the cook-maid, all melted. — The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a

fish-kettle upon her knees, was rous'd with it.
 —— The whole kitchen crouded about the corporal.

Now as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state,—and possibly the preservation of the whole world——or what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal's eloquence——I do demand your attention—your worships and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where your will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, “we were not stocks and stones”—’tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels, I wish we were,—but men cloathed with bodies and governed by our imaginations ; ——and what a junketting piece of work of it there is, betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them, for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny

deny the touch, though most of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,——gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy, than words can either convey —— or sometimes get rid of.

I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health —— let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of *Trim's* hat ——“ Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?” There was nothing in the sentence---'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if *Trim* had not trusted more to his hat than his head——he had made nothing at all of it.

—— —“ Are we not here now ;” —— continued the corporal, “ and are we not” ---- dropping his hat plumb upon the ground —— and pausing, before he pronounced the word) -----“ gone ! in a moment ?” The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it —— Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it, ---- his hand seemed to vanish from under it, -- it fell dead, — the corporal's eye
fix'd

fix'd upon it, as upon a corps---and *Susannah* busted into a flood of tears.

Now——Ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect—Had he flung it, or threw it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,--or in the best direction that could be given to it,---had he dropped it like a goose---like a puppy---like an ass---or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool---like a ninny---like a nicompoop---it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been lost,

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the *engines* of eloquence, —who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,——and then harden it again to *your purpose*---

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass, —— and, having done it,
lead

lead the owners of them, whither ye think meet——

Ye, lastly, who drive——and why not, Ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a stick and a red clout —— meditate——meditate; I beseech you, upon *Trim's* hat,

C H A P. VIII.

STAY——I have a small account to settle with the reader, before *Trim* can go on with his harangue.——It shall be done in two minutes.

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time,——I own myself a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon *chamber-maids and button-holes*, which, in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your worships and reverences telling me, that the two subjects, especially so connected

ned together, might endanger the morals of the world,——I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,——and that they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't please your reverences, but a chapter of *chambermaids, green-gowns and old hats*.

Trim took his off the ground,——put it upon his head,——and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following.

C H A P. IX.

——To us, *Jonatban*, who know not what want or care is——who live here in the service of the two best of masters——(bating in my own case his majesty King *William* the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*) I own it, that from *Whitsontide* to within three weeks of *Christmas*,——'tis not long——'tis like nothing;—but to those

those, *Jonathan*, who knew what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about——'tis like a whole age.——O *Jonathan*! 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the corporal, (standing perpendicularly) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!—And trust me, *Susy*, added the corporal, turning to *Susannah*, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.—*Susannah* placed it to the right side of the page---she wept---but she court'ied too.---Are we not, continued *Trim*, looking still at *Susannah*---are we not like a flower of the field --a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation---else no tongue could have described *Susannah's* affliction--is not all flesh grass?---'Tis clay—'tis dirt.—They all looked directly at the scullion,—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle.---It was not fair.---

——What is the finest face that ever man looked at!——I could hear *Trim* talk so for ever, cried *Susannah*,——what is it! (*Susannah*
nab)

nah laid her hand upon *Trim's* shoulder) but corruption?---*Susannah* took it off.

Su Vi
p 71 ---Now I love you for this---and 'tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are---and he who hates you for it--all I can say of the matter, is ---
Burton
p 438 That he has either a pumkin for his head---or a pippin for his heart,----and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so.

C H A P. X.

WHETHER *Susannah*, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the corporal's shoulder, (by the whisking about of her passions)---broke a little the chain of his reflections——

Or whether the corporal began to be suspicious, he had got into the doctor's quarter's, and was talking more like the chaplain than himself—

Or

Or whether - - - - -
 Or whether---for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may with pleasure fill a couple of pages with suppositions---which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious any body determine---'tis certain, at least, the corporal went on thus with his harangue.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all :---not this .. added the corporal, snapping his fingers,--- but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given to the sentiment---In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor *Joe Gibbons*, in scouring his gun.---What is he ? A pull of a trigger--- a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that--- makes the difference-----Look along the line ---to the right---see ! *Jack's* down ! well---'tis worth a regiment of horse to him-----No---'tis *Dick*. Then *Jack's* no worse.---Never mind which---we pass on,---in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt."---the best way is to stand up to him,---the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches

L'd Bacon
V2. 8 May
28.

*In talking & Magis excurrunt quos secretae
 Lacerant curae: juvat in medium
 Deplere suos. Berreca: Agamemnon
 (217) Lin: 665*

marches up into his jaws.—— I have look'd him, added the corporal, an hundred times in the face,——and know what he is.---He's nothing, *Obadiab*, at all in the field—— But he's very frightful in a house, quoth *Obadiab*.—— I never mind it myself, said *Jonathan*, upon a coach-box.—— It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied *Susannah*.—— And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knapsack, I would do it there---said *Trim*---but that is nature.

—— Nature is nature, said *Jonathan*—— And that is the reason, cried *Susannah*, I so much pity my mistress.—— She will never get the better of it.—— Now I pity the captain the most of any one in the family, answered *Trim*.—— Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,——^x and the Squire in talking about it,—— but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—— I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for lieutenant *Le Fever*. An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him as I lay besides him. I cannot help it,
Trim,

Trim, my master would say, — 'tis so melancholy an accident — I cannot get it off my heart — Your honour fears not death yourself. — I hope, *Trim*, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing. — Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of *Le Fever's* boy. — And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear *Trim's* stories about the captain, said *Susannah*. — He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said *Obadiah*, as ever lived. — Aye, — and as brave a one too, said the corporal, as ever slept before a platoon. — There never was a better officer in the king's army, — or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole, — and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people. — He would not hurt a chicken — I would sooner, quoth *Jonathan*, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year — than some for eight. — Thank thee, *Jonathan*! for thy twenty shillings, — as much, *Jonathan*, said the corpo-

ral, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.— I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me—and could I be sure my poor brother *Tom* was dead, —continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain.-- *Trim* could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.—The whole kitchen was affected.--- Do tell us this story of the poor lieutenant, said *Susannah*.---With all my heart, answered the corporal.

Susannah, the cook, *Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, and corporal *Trim*, formed a circle about the fire; and as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen door,---the corporal begun.

C H A P. XI.

I Am a *Turk* if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if nature had plaistered me up,
and

and set me down naked upon the banks of the river *Nile*, without one---Your most obedient servant, Madam---I've cost you a great deal of trouble --I wish it may answer ;---but you have left a crack in my back,—and here's a great piece fallen off here before, ——— and what must I do with this foot ?---I shall never reach *England* with it.

For my own part I never wonder at any thing ; ——— and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong, ——— at least I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body ; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and can neither of us do well without, ——— I'll go to the world's end with him : ——— But I hate disputes, ——— and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) I would almost subscribe to any thing which does not choak me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one ——— But I cannot bear suffocation, ——— and bad smells

worst of all. ——— For which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented, ——— or a new one raised, — I would have no hand in it one way or t'other.

C H A P. XII.

— **B**UT to return to my mother.

My uncle *Toby's* opinion, Madam, “ that “ there could be no harm in *Cornelius Gallus*, “ the *Roman* prætor's lying with his wife ; ” — or rather the last word of that opinion, — (for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex : — — You shall not mistake me, — I mean her curiosity, — she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation, and with that prepossession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father said, was accommodated either to herself, or her family concerns.

—— Pray, Madam, in what street does the lady live, who would not have done the same ?

From.

From the strange mode of *Cornelius's* death, my father had made a transit on to that of *Socrates*, and was giving my uncle *Toby* an abstract of his pleading before his judges ; ——— 'twas irresistible : ——— not the oration of *Socrates*, ——— but my father's temptation to it. ——— He had wrote the * *Life of Socrates* himself the year before he left off trade, which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it ; so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroic loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in *Socrates's* oration, which closed with a shorter word than *transmigration* or *annihilation*, ——— or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be* ——— *or not to be*, ——— the entering upon a new and untried state of things, ——— or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance ; ——— *That we and our children were born to die*, ——— *but neither of us born to be slaves*. ——— No ——— there I mistake ; that was part of *Eleazer's* oration, as recorded

* This book my father would never consent to publish ; 'tis in manuscript, with some other tracts of his, in the family, all, or most of which will be printed in due time.

Vol 331
p 332. by *Josephus* (*de Bell. Judaic.*)——— - *Eleazer* owns he had it from the philosophers of *India* ; in all likelihood *Alexander* the Great, in his irruption into *India*, after he had over-run *Persia*, amongst the many things he stole,—stole that sentiment also ; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself, (for we all know he died at *Babylon*) at least by some of his maroders, into *Greece*,———from *Greece* it got to *Rome*, ———from *Rome* to *France*,——— and from *France* to *England* :——— So things come round.———

By land carriage, I can conceive no other way,

By water the sentiment might easily have come down the *Ganges* into the *Sinus Gangeticus*, or *Bay of Bengal*, and so into the *Indian Sea* ; and following the course of trade, (the way from *India* by the *Cape of Good Hope* being then unknown) might be carried with other drugs and spices up the *Red Sea* to *Joddah*, the port of *Mekka*, or else to *Tor* or *Sues*, towns at the bottom of the gulf ; and from thence by *karrawans* to *Coptes*, but three days journey distant,

so

so down the *Nile* directly to *Alexandria*, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great stair case of the *Alexandrian* library,——and from that store house it would be fetched——Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

C H A P. XIII.

——**N**OW my father had a way a little like that of *Job's* (in case there ever was such a man——if not, there's an end of the matter.——)

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.——to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all*, is a little cruel,——'tis not doing as they would be done by——happen that as it may!——My father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first sally of his impatience,——of wondering why he was begot, ——

wishing himself dead; — sometimes worse :
 — And when the provocation ran high,
 and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers, — Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from *Socrates* himself,
 — Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues ; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of *Socrates's* oration, which my father was giving my uncle *Toby*, was not altogether new to her, — She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading, where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won by working upon the passions of his judges. — “ I have friends — I
 “ have relations, — I have three desolate
 “ children,” — says *Socrates*.

— Then, cried my mother, opening the door, — you have one more, Mr. *Shandy*, than I know of,

By

By heaven! I have one less,——said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

C H A P. XIV.

——They are *Socrates's* children, said my uncle *Toby*. He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle *Toby* was no chronologer—so not caring to advance a step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the eclaireissement himself.

C H A P. XV.

HA D this volume been a farce, which, unless every one's life and opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I
see.

see no reason to suppose—the last chapter, Sir, had finished the first act of it, and then this chapter must have set off thus.

Abelard's

13 4

p 35

Ptr..r .ing—twing—twang—prut—trut—
'tis a cursed bad fiddle.——Do you know
whether my fiddle's in tune or no ? trut..prut.
——They should be *fifths*——.'Tis wick-
edly strung——tr...a.e i.o.u.-twang. ——
The bridge is a mile too high, and the sound-
post absolutely down,—else—trut . . prut—
hark ! 'tis not so bad a tone.—Diddle diddle,
diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is
nothing in playing before good judges,—but
there's a man there—no—not him with the
bundle under his arm——the grave man in
black.—S'death ! not the gentleman with the
sword on.—Sir, I had rather play a *Caprichio* to
Calliope herself, than draw my bow acrofs my fid-
dle before that very man ; and yet, I'll flake my
Cremona to a *Jew's* trump, which is the greatest
musical odds that ever were lain, that I will
this moment stop three hundred and fifty
leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without
punishing one single nerve that belongs to him.
—Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle,——twid-
dle

dle diddle, — twoddle diddle — twud-
dle diddle, — prut trut — krish — krah — krush. —
I've undone you, Sir, — but you see he is no
worse, — and was *Apollo* to take his fiddle after
me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle,
— hum — dun — drum.

— Your worships and your reverences love
musick — and God has made you all with good
ears — and some of you play delightfully your-
selves — trut prut, — prut-trut.

O ! there is — whom I could sit and hear
whole days, — whose talents lie in making what
he fiddles to be felt, — who inspires me with
his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden
springs of my heart into motion. — If you
would borrow five guineas of me, Sir, — which
is generally ten guineas more than I have to
spare — or you, Messrs. Apothecary and Tay-
lor, want your bills paying, — that's your
time.

*See the Sentimental
Journey*

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

THE first thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a litte settled in the family, and *Susannah* had got possession of my mother's green sattin night-gown, p 206 was to sit down coolly, after the example of *Xenophon*, and write a *TRISTRA-pædia*, or system of education for me; collecting first for that purpose his own scattered thoughts, counsels, and notions; and binding them together, so as to form an *INSTITUTE* for the government of my childhood and adolescence. I was my father's last stake—he had lost my brother *Bobby* entirely,—he had lost, by his own computation, full three fourths of me—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three first great casts for me——my geniture, nose, and name,—there was but this one left; and accordingly my father gave himself up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle *Toby* had done to his doctrine of projectils—The difference between them was, that my uncle *Toby* drew his whole knowledge of projectils from *Nicholas Tartaglia*——My father spun his, every thread,
of

John de la Casa: 14th volume of
Rabelais. P 90

(230)

of it, out of his own brain,—or reeled and cross-twisted what all other spinners and spinners had spun before him, that 'twas pretty near the same torture to him.

In about three years, or something more, my father had got advanced almost into the middle of his work.—Like all other writers, he met with disappointments.—He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say, into so small compass, that when it was finished and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's huffive.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man say, — “Come—I'll write a *duodecimo*.”

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line, with the same kind of caution and circumspection (though I cannot say upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by John de la Casse, the lord archbishop of Benevento, in compassing his *Galatea*; in which his Grace of Benevento spent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not above half the size or the thick-

Vid. Henri Stephens Apology for Henry 8th p. 68

Vol 3
P 267

John de la Casse lived in the time of Julius the third AD 1555. *Vid. Wanley's wonders P 481.*

ness of a *Rider's Almanack*.—How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whiskers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain, —would pose any mortal not let into the true secret; —and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of those few in it, who write not so much to be fed—as to be famous.

I own had *John de la Casse*, the archbishop of *Benevento*, for whose memory (notwithstanding his *Galatea*) I retain the highest veneration,—had he been, Sir, a slender clerk,—of dull wit —slow parts—costive head, and so forth, — he and his *Galatea* might have jogged on together to the age of *Methuselah* for me, —the phænomenon had not been worth a parenthesis. —

But the reverse of this was the truth: *John de la Casse* was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet with all these great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forwards with his *Galatea*, he lay under an impuissance at the same time of advancing above a
line

line and an half in the compass of a whole summer's day: this disability in his Grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with—— which opinion was this,——*viz.* that whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was *bonâ fide*, to print and publish it to the world, his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.——This was the state of ordinary writers: but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in church or state, once turned author, ——he maintained that from the very moment he took pen in hand——all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.——
'Twas Term-time with them,——every thought, *See 14*
first and last, was captious;——how specious and good soever,——*habitu*
'twas all one;——*13 5.*
in whatever form or colour it presented itself *C 29.*
to the imagination,——'twas still a stroke of one *12 32.*
or other of 'em levelled at him, and was to be fenced off.——So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of *composition*, as a state of *warfare*; and his probation in it, precisely
that

that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his WIT——as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of *John de la Casse*, arch-bishop of *Benevento*; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the *Shandy* estate, to have been the broacher of it.---How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work, 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine——he took up with the allegory of it;——and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrogade, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of *John de la Casse's* parabolical representation,——as was to be found in any one poetic fiction, or mystic record of antiquity.——Prejudice of education, he would say, is *the devil*,——and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk——are *the devil and all*.——We are haunted with them,

them, brother *Toby*, in all our lucubrations and researches; and was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,——what would his book be? Nothing, he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance,——nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the best account I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristra-padia*; at which (as I said) he was three years and something more, indefatigably at work, and at last, had scarce compleated, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent the most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless,——every day a page or two became of no consequence.——

——Certainly it was ordained as a scourge upon the pride of human wisdom, That the
 VOL. V. Q wisest

There^{re} are many Men which are ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ picture, I learned in trifles, but
when they come to business, they are
of no more use ²³⁵ than a Sun Dial
in the Grave.

wisest of us all, should thus outwit ourselves,
Human and eternally forego our purposes in the in-
prudence temperate act of pursuing them.

Preface, Page 4.

In short, my father was so long in all his acts
of resistance,——or in other words,——he
advanced so very slow with his work, and I be-
gan to live and get forwards at such a rate, that
if an event had not happened.——which,
when we get to it, if it can be told with
decency, shall not be concealed a moment from
the reader——I verily believe, I had put by
my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, ^{Xs}
for no better purpose than to be buried under ^{X 2}
ground. "And all your Graces no more use shall

^{X 2} "Than a Sun dial in the Grave." (have

Donner Poems (the Will) Verse 50 Vol. 2
p 58

C H A P. VIII.

—— ² T WAS nothing,——I did
not lose two drops of blood by
it——'twas not worth calling in a surgeon,
had he lived next door to us——thousands
suffer by choice, what I did by accident.——
Doctor Slop made ten times more of it, than
there was occasion:——some men rise, by
the

the art of hanging great weights upon small wires,——and I am this day (*August* the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.——O 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world !
 ——The chamber-maid had left no ****
 *** *** under the bed:——Cannot you contrive, master, quoth *Susannah*, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window seat with the other,
 ——cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time to **** *** ** *** *****?

I was five years old.——*Susannah* did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family,——so slap came the sash down like lightening upon us;——Nothing is left,——cried *Susannah*,——nothing is left——for me, but to run my country.——

My uncle *Toby's* house was a much kinder sanctuary; and so *Susannah* fled to it.

C H A P. XVIII.

WHEN *Susannah* told the corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the murder of me,——— (as she called it)———the blood forsook his cheeks;——— all accessaries in murder, being principals,———*Trim's* conscience told him he was as much to blame as *Susannah*,———and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle *Toby* had as much of the blood-shed to answer for to heaven, as either of 'em;—so that neither reason or instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided *Susannah's* steps to so proper an asylum. It is in vain to leave this to the Reader's imagination:——— to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains fore,———and to do it without,——— he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him.——— Why should I put them either to trial or to torture? 'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

C H A P. XIX.

'T IS a pity, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, resting with his hand upon the corporal's shoulder, as they both stood surveying their works,—that we have not a couple of field pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt ; ———'twould secure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that side quite complete : ——— get me a couple cast, *Trim*.

Your honour shall have them, replied *Trim*, before to-morrow morning.

It was the joy of *Trim*'s heart,—nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle *Toby* in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for ; had it been his last crown, he would have fate down and hammered it into a paderero to have prevented a single wish in his master. The corporal had already,---what with cutting off the ends of my uncle *Toby*'s spouts---hacking

and chiseling up the sides of his leaden gutters, —melting down his pewter shaving bason,---and going at last, like *Lewis* the fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for spare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demiculverins into the field ; my uncle *Toby's* demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the corporal at work again ; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery window : and as the sash pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash window in my uncle *Toby's* house long before, in the very same way, —though not always in the same order ; for sometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead, —so then he began with the pullies, —and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became useless, ---and so the lead went to pot too.

———— A great MORAL might be picked
hand-

handsomely out of this, but I have not time
 ——'tis enough to say, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash window.

C H A P. XX.

THE corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left *Susannah* to have sustained the whole weight of the attack, as she could;— true courage is not content with coming off so —The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,—— had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened, ——*at least in Susannah's hands*—— How would your honours have behaved?—— He determined at once, not to take shelter behind *Susannah*. ——but to give it; and with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle *Toby*.

My uncle *Toby*, had just then been giving
 * *Life* *Torick* an account of the Battle of *Steenkirk*, and
 of *W. B. L.* the strange conduct of count *Solmes* in or-
 337 dering the foot to halt, and the horse to march
 where it could not act; which was directly
 contrary to the king's commands, and proved
 the loss of the day.

There are incidents in some families so pat to
 the purpose of what is going to follow, they
 are scarce exceeded by the invention of a
 dramatic writer;——I mean of ancient
 days——

Trim, by the help of his forefinger, laid flat
 upon the table, and the edge of his hand strik-
 ing a-cross it at right angles, made a shift to
 to tell his story so that priests and virgins might
 have listened to it;——and the story
 being told,——the dialogue went on as
 follows.

C H A P. XXI.

—I would be picquetted to death, cried the
 corporal, as he concluded *Susannab's* story, before

I would suffer the woman to come to any harm,
—'twas my fault, an please your honour,—not
hers.

Corporal *Trim* replied my uncle *Toby*, put-
ting on his hat which lay upon the table,—if any
thing can be said to be a fault, when the service
absolutely requires it shall be done,—'tis I cer-
tainly who deserve the blame,—you obeyed
your orders.

Had count *Solmes*, *Trim*, done the same at
the battle of *Steenkirk*, said *Yorick*, drolling a
little upon the corporal, who had been run
over by a dragoon in the retreat,—he had saved
thee ; ——— Saved ! cried *Trim*, interrupting
Yorick, and finishing the sentence for him after
his own fashion,—he had saved five battalions,
an please your reverence, every soul of them : —
there was *Cutts's*—continued the corporal,
clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon
the thumb of his left, and counting round his
hand, ——— there was *Cutts's*, ——— *Mackay's*, —
Augus's, *Graham's*—and *Leven's*—all cut to
pieces ; ——— and so had the *Englisk* life guards too,
had

1692
See
Carle-
ton's
mem-
oirs.
p 64

As this account is taken from the
3rd volume entitled *The Life of King*
William 3^d 705 (243) p 337- 338

had it not been for some regiments upon the
right, who marched up boldly to their relief,
and received the enemy's fire in their faces, be-
fore any one of their own platoons discharged a
musket---they'll go to heaven for it,—added
Trim-----*Trim* is right, said my uncle *Toby*,
nodding to *Yorick*,---he's perfectly right. What
signified his marching the horse, continued the
corporal, where the ground was so strait, and
the *French* had such a nation of hedges, and
copses, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way
and that to cover them; (as they always have)
———Count *Solmes* should have sent us,—
we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with
them for their lives.———There was nothing
to be done for the horse:—he had his foot shot
off however for his pains, continued the cor-
poral, the very next campaign at *Landen*.-----
Poor *Trim*, got his wound there, quoth my
uncle *Toby* —'Twas owing, an please your
honour, entirely to count *Solmes*,—had we drub'd
them soundly at *Steenkirk*, they would not have
fought us at *Landen*.—Possibly not,---*Trim*, said
my uncle *Toby*; ———though if they have the
advantage of a wood, or you give them a mo-
ment's time to intrench themselves, they are

See the Note in the Geneva translation
of Judges 15. V 8 - L Junior & Tremelling
note

(244)

a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you
---There is no way but to march coolly up to
them,--receive their fire, and fall in upon them,
pell-mell. — Ding dong, added *Trim*. — *Carleton*
Horse and foot, said my uncle *Toby*. — Helter *Mem-*
skelter, said *Trim*. — Right and left, cried *1178,*
my uncle *Toby*. — Blood an' ounds, shout- *p132*
ed the corporal ; — the battle raged. —
Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safe-
ty, and after a moment's pause, my uncle *Toby*
sinking his voice a note,---resumed the discourse
as follows. ✓ *p 97* 395

C H A P. XXII.

KING *William*, said my uncle *Toby*, ad-
dressing himself to *Yorick*, was so terribly
provoked at count *Salmes* for disobeying his or-
ders, that he would not suffer him to come into
his presence for many months after. — I fear,
answered *Yorick*, the squire will be as much
provoked at the corporal, as the King at the
count. — But 'twould be singularly hard in
this case, continued he, if corporal *Trim*, who
has

has behaved so diametrically opposite to count *Solmes*, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same disgrace ; ——— too oft in this world, do things take that train.—— I would spring a mine, cried my uncle *Toby*, rising up,—— and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under their ruins, ere I would stand by and see it.---*Trim* directed a slight.——by a grateful bow towards his master,——and so the chapter ends.

C H A P XXIII.

——Then, *Torick*, replied my uncle *Toby*, you and I will lead the way a breast,—— and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.——And *Susannah*, an please your honour, said *Trim*, shall be put in the rear.——'Twas an excellent disposition,—— and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched slowly from my uncle *Toby's* house to *Shandy hall*.

——I wish, said *Trim*, as they entered the door, —— instead of the sash-weights, I had cut off the church-spout, as I once thought to have done.—— You have cut off spouts enow, replied *Yorick*. ——

C H A P. XXIV.

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes, —— not one, or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life. —— There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing, —— it baffled, Sir, all calculations. —— The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled, —— that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation
of

of it seen by the rest of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object,——and in course was differently considered :

This is the true reason, that my dear *Jenny* and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing.—— She looks at her outside,—— I, at her in.—— How is it possible we should agree about her value?

C H A P. XXV.

'T IS a point settled,—and I mention it for the comfort of † *Confucius*, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story,—— that provided he keeps along the line of his story,——he may go backwards and forwards as he will,——'tis still held to be no digression.

† Mr. *Sbardy* is supposed to mean ***** Esq; member for *****,——and not the *Cbinese* Legislator.

This

This being premised, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myself.

CHAP. XXVI.

2 Rabelais Preface p 5 H 6.

FIFTY thousand pannier loads of devils——(not of the Archbishop of Be-
nevento's,——I mean of *Rabelais's* devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it, as I did——when the accident befel me: it summoned up my mother instantly into the nursery,——so that *Susannah*, had but just time to make her escape down the back stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Be- V. Page 230 H 232 V. H. He = when's Rho = logy for Herodotus p. 79 Vol 3 p 267.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself, and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet *Susannah*, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook——the cook had told it with a commentary to *Jonathan*, and *Jonathan* to *Obadiah*; so that
 by

*Senillemus composed, two
Treatises on Education, before
his child was born. Pope. Ad
V 3 p 86 (249)*

by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above, —— was *Obadiab* enabled to give him a particular account of it, just as it had happened. —— I thought as much, said my father, tucking up his night-gown ; —— and so walked up stairs.

One would imagine from this —— (though for my own part I somewhat question it) ——
X that my father before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the *Tristrapædia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining one in the whole book ; —— and that is the chapter upon *fash-windows*, with a bitter *Philippick* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chamber-maids. —— I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

First, Had the matter been taken into consideration, before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the fash window for good an' all ; —— which, considering with what difficulty he composed books, —— he might have done with ten times less trouble, than he could have wrote the chapter :
this

this argument I foresee holds good against his writing the chapter, even after the event ; but 'tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer to the world in support of my opinion, that my father ~~did~~ not write the chapter upon fash-windows and chamber pots, at the time supposed, — and it is this.

— That, in order to render the *Tristrapædia* complete, — I wrote the chapter myself.

C H A P. XXV.I.

MY father put on his spectacles—looked,—took them off, —put them into the case—all in less than a statutable minute ; and without opening his lips, turned about, and walked precipitately down stairs : my mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon ; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and *Obadiab* following him with a large reading desk, she took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and so

& Compare this with Scribblers's Sen-
 breaking his Leg. Memoirs ch 6: Vol.
 3. p 104 Pope 4th Edition
 (251)

drew him a chair to the bed side, that he might
 consult upon the case at his ease.

— If it be but right done,—said my father,
 turning to the Section—*de sede vel subiecto circum-*
cisionis,——— for he had brought up *Spencer de*
Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus—and *Maimonides*,
 in order to confront and examine us altoge-
 ther.— *See L^d. Shaftesbury V3. p 526*

— If it be but right done, quoth he; —
 Only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting
 him, what herbs.—— For that, replied my
 father, you must send for Dr. Stop. ♦

My mother went down, and my father went
 on, reading the section as follows.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * — Very well,—said my father,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * — nay, if it has that convenience
 — and so without stopping a moment to
 settle it first in his mind, whether the *Jews* had
 it from the *Egyptians*, or the *Egyptians* from the
Jews,

See the Quotation from Herodotus
in Stackhouse's History of the Bible
Vols. P 259.

(252)

Jews,—he rose up, and rubbing his forehead
two or three times across with the palm of his
hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps
of care, when evil has trod lighter upon us than
we foreboded,—he shut the book, and walked
down stairs.—Nay, said he, mentioning the
name of a different great nation upon every step
as he set his foot upon it—if the EGYPTIANS,"
—the SYRIANS,—the PHOENICIANS,—the "
ARABIANS,—the CAPADOCIANS,—if the "
COLCHI, and TROGLODYTES did it——"
if SOLON and PYTHAGORAS submitted——"
what is TRISTRAM?——Who am I, that
I should fret or fume one moment about the
matter? *V. Table of the Bees. Dial: 3.*
P 86. V 2

C H A P. XXVIII.

DEAR *Yorick*, said my father smiling,
(for *Yorick* had broke his rank with my
uncle *Toby* in coming through the narrow entry,
and so had slept first into the parlour)—this
Tristram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by
all his religious rites.—Never was the son of
Jew, *Christian*, *Turk*, or *Infidel* initiated into
them in so oblique and slovenly a manner.—

R 2

But

But he is no worse, I trust, said *Yorick*——
 There has been certainly, continued my father,
 the duce and all to do in some part or other of
 the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was
 formed.——That, you are a better judge of
Vid: than I, replied *Yorick*.——^xAstrologers, quoth
Vol 3 my father, know better than us both:——
Ch: the trine and sextil aspects^o have jumped awry,
 23. —or the opposite of their ascendants have not
 hit it, as they should,—or the lords of the genitures
Burton (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*,—or
 p416 something has been wrong above, or below with
 us.

'Tis possible, answered *Yorick*,——But is the
 child, cried my uncle *Toby*, the worse?——
 The *Troglodytes* say not, replied my father.—
 And your theologists, *Yorick*, tell us,—Theo-
 logically? said *Yorick*,——or speaking after
 the manner of * apothecaries?—† statesmen?—
 or—‡ washer-women?

* Χαλεπῆς νόσος, καὶ δυσίατος ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἀνθρώποι
 καλοῦσιν. PHILO.

† Τὰ τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονιωτάτα, καὶ πολυαν-
 θρωπώτατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος εἶνεκεν.

BOCHART.

——I'm

——— I'm not sure, replied my father, — but they tell us, brother *Toby*, he's the better for it. ——— Provided, said *Yorick*, you travel him into *Egypt*. ——— Of that, answered my father, he will have the advantage, when he sees the *Pyramids*. ———

β. 276 Now every word of this, quoth my uncle & *Toby*, is *Arabick* to me. ——— I wish, said *Yorick*, 'twas so, to half the world.

—* *ILUS*, continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning. — Not without a court martial? cried my uncle *Toby*. ——— Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle *Toby's* remark, but turning to *Yorick*, — are greatly divided still who *Ilus* was; — some say *Saturn*; ——— some the supreme being; — others, no more than a brigadier general under *Pharaoh-neco*. ——— Let him be who he will, said my uncle *Toby*, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

* Ὁ Διὸς, τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμνεται. ταυτὸ ποιῆσαι καὶ τῆς ἀμ' αὐτῷ συμμάχου καταναγκάσας.

SANCHUNIATHO.

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two and twenty different reasons for it:——others, indeed, who have draw their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shewn the world the futility of the greatest part of them.——But then again, our best polemic divines——I wish there was not a polemic divine, said *Yorick*, in the kingdom;——one ounce of practical divinity——is worth a painted ship load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years——Pray, Mr. *Yorick*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,——do tell me what a polemic divine is.——The best description, captain *Shandy*, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied *Yorick*, in the account of the battle fought single hands betwixt *Gymnast* and captain *Tripet*; which I have in my pocket.——I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle *Toby* earnestly.——You shall, said *Yorick*——And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door,——and I know the description of a battle, will do the poor fellow more good than his supper,———I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.——With all my soul, said my father.——*Trim* came in,
erect

erect and happy as an emperour; and having shut the door, Yorick took a book from his right-hand coat pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

C H A P. XXIX.

V. 1 Chablais - P. 249. Ozelli's trans-lation 12mo 1738

——“ which words being heard by all the soldiers which were there, divers of them being inwardly terrified, did shrink back and make room for the assailant: all this did *Gymnast* very well remark and consider; and therefore, making as if he would have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mounting side, he most nimbly (with his short sword by his thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup and performing the stirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the inclining of his body downwards, he forthwith launched himself aloft into the air, and placed both his feet together upon the saddle, standing upright, with his back turned towards his horse's head,——Now (said he) my case goes forward. Then suddenly in the same posture

R 4

"posture wherein he was, he fetched a
 "gambol upon one foot, and turning to the
 "left-hand, failed not to carry his body perfect-
 "ly round, just into his former position, with-
 "out missing one jot.——Ha ! said *Tripet*, I
 "will not do that at this time,——and not
 "without cause. Well, said *Gymnast*, I have
 "failed,——I will undo this leap ; then
 "with a marvelous strength and agility,
 "turning towards the right-hand, he fetched
 "another frisking gambol as before ; which
 "done, he set his right-hand thumb upon the
hind "bow of the saddle, raised himself up, and
 "sprung into the air, poising and upholding
 "his whole weight upon the muscle and
 "nerve of the said thumb, and so turned
 "and whirled himself about three times : at
 "the fourth, reversing his body and overturn-
 "ing it upside-down, and fore-side back, with-
 "out touching any thing, he brought himself
 "betwixt the horse's two ears, and then giving
 "himself a jerking swing, he seated himself
 "upon the crupper.——"

(This can't be fighting, said my uncle *Toby*.
 ——The corporal shook his head at it.——
 Have patience, said *Torick*.)

"The

“ Then (*Tripet*) pass’d his right leg over his
 “ saddle, and placed himself *en croup*.——
 “ But, said he, ’twere better for me to get into
 “ the saddle ; then putting the thumbs of both
 “ hands upon the crupper before him, and there-
 “ upon leaning himself, as upon the only sup-
 “ porters of his body, he incontinently turned
 “ heels over head in the air, and straight found
 “ himself betwixt the bow of the saddle in a
 “ tolerable seat ; then springing into the air
 “ with a summer-set, he turned him about like a
 “ wind-mill, and made above a hundred frisks,
 “ turns and demi-pommadas.”—— Good
 God ! cried *Trim*, losing all patience,---one home
 thrust of a bayonet is worth it all.---I think so
 too, replied *Yorick*.——

——I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

C H A P. XXX.

——No,——I think I have advanced no-
 thing, replied my father, making answer to a
 question

question which *Yorick* had taken the liberty to put to him,——I have advanced nothing in the *Tristrapædia*, but what is as clear as any one proposition in *Euclid*.—Reach me, *Trim*, that book from off the scrutoir :——it has oft times been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over both to you, *Yorick*, and to my brother *Toby*, and I think it a little unfriendly in myself, in not having done it long ago :

——shall we have a short chapter or two now, ——and a chapter or two hereafter, as occasions serve ; and so on, till we get through the whole? My uncle *Toby* and *Yorick* made the obeisance which was proper ; and the corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breast, and made his bow at the same time.——The company smiled.

Trim, quoth my father, has paid the full price for staying out the *entertainment*.——He did not seem to relish the play, replied *Yorick*,——

'Twas a Tom-fool-battle, an' please your reverence, of captain *Trippet's* and that other officer, making so many summerfets, as they advanced ;——the *French* come on capering now
and

Before nine months were expired,
Scribbleous had composed two
Treatises of (260) Education; one

and then in that way,——but not quite so
much.

My uncle *Toby* never felt the consciousness of
his existence with more complacency than what
the corporal's, and his own reflections, made
him do at that moment;——he lighted his
pipe——*Yorick* drew his chair closer to the
table,——*Trim* snuff'd the candle—my father
stir'd up the fire—took up the book, —cough'd
twice, and begun.

C H A P. XXXI.

TH E first thirty pages, said my father,
turning over the leaves,——are a little
dry; and as they are not closely connected with
the subject,——for the present we'll pass them
by: 'tis a prefatory introduction, continued my
father, or an introductory preface (for I am not
determined which name to give it) upon poli-
tical or civil government; the foundation of
which being laid in the first conjunction be-

twixt

that she called the Daughters Mirror, and the
other, A Sons Monitor. Paper No. 410, Vol. 13, p. 86.

Prima Societas in ipso Conju-
gio est: proxima in Liberi:

deinde una domus, communia
omnia. Id (261) autem est
Principium Urbis, et quasi

twixt male and female, for procreation of the
Semi-species—I was insensibly led into it.—'Twas
natural, said Yorick.

um Republicæ. Sequenter

Inhabitantibus. The original of society, continued my fa-
ther, I'm satisfied is, what Politian tells us,

Conjunctio: i. e. merely conjugal; and nothing more than
the getting together of one man and one wo-

man;——to which, (according to Hesiod)

the philosopher adds a servant:——but sup-

posing in the first beginning there were no men

servants born——he lays the foundation

of it, in a man,—a woman—and a bull.——

I believe 'tis an ox, quoth Yorick, quoting the
passage (ὄξον μὲν πρῶτα, γυναῖκα τε, βῆν τ' ἀγορῆα.)

——A bull must have given more trouble

than his head was worth —— But there is

a better reason still, said my father, (dipping

his pen into his ink) for, the ox being the most

patient of animals, and the most useful withal

in tilling the ground for their nourishment,—

was the properest instrument, and emblem too,

for the new joined couple, that the creation

could have associated with them.—And there

is a stronger reason, added my uncle Toby, than

them all for the ox.—My father had not power

to take his pen out of his ink-horn, till he had

heard

heard my uncle *Toby's* reason.—For when the ground was tilled, said my uncle *Toby*, and made worth inclosing, then they began to secure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification.—True, true; dear *Toby*, cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave *Trim* a nod, to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

——I enter upon this speculation, said my father carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on,—merely to shew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and jurisdiction over whom he acquires these several ways—

1st, by marriage.

2d, by adoption.

3d, by legitimation.

And 4th, by procreation; all which I consider in their order.

I lay a slight stress upon one of them ; repli-
ed *Yorick*——the act, especially where it
ends there, in my opinion lays as little obliga-
tion upon the child, as it conveys power to the
father.——You are wrong,—said my father ar-
gutely, and for this plain reason * * * *

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

—I own, added my father, that the offspring,
upon this account, is not so under the power
and jurisdiction of the *mother*.—But the reason,
replied *Yorick*, equally holds good for her.——
She is under authority herself, said my father :
——and besides, continued my father, nod-
ding his head and laying his finger upon the
side of his nose, as he assigned his reason,——
she is not the principal agent, *Yorick*.—In what ?
quoth my uncle *Toby*, stopping his pipe.——
Though by all means, added my father (not
attending to my uncle *Toby*) “ *The son ought to*
“ *pay her respect,*” as you may read, *Yorick*, at
large in the first book of the *Institutes of Jus-
t-ian*, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.
——I can read it as well, replied *Yorick*, in the
Chatechism.

C H A P. XXXII.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——Pugh! said my father, not caring to be interrupted with *Trim's* saying his Catechism. He can upon my honour, replied my uncle *Toby*.——Ask him, Mr. *Yorick*, any question you please.——

——The fifth commandment, *Trim*,——said *Yorick*, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest Chatechumen. The corporal stood silent.——You don't ask him right, said my uncle *Toby*, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command;——The fifth————cried my uncle *Toby*.——I must begin with the first, an' please your honour, said the corporal.——

——*Yorick* could not forbear smiling. —— Your reverence does not consider, said the corporal, shouldering his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illustrate his position,——that 'tis exactly the same thing, as doing one's exercise in the field. ——

“*Jain*

“*Join your right hand to your firelock,*” cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.——

“*Poise your firelock;*”—cried the corporal doing the duty still of both adjutant and private man.——

“*Rest your firelock,*”—one motion, an’ please your reverence, you see leads, into another.—If his honour will begin but with the *first*——

THE FIRST——cried my uncle *Toby*, setting his hand upon his side—— * * *

THE SECOND——cried my uncle *Toby*, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the head of a regiment.——The corporal went through his *manual* with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

Every thing in this world, said my father, is big with jest,——and has wit in it, and instruction too,——if we can but find it out,

——Here

——Here is the *scaffold work* of INSTRU-
TION, its true point of folly, without the BUILD-
ING behind it.——

——Here is the *glass* for pedagogues, pre-
ceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders and
bear-leaders to view themselves in, in their
true dimensions.——

Oh! there is a husk and shell, *Yorick*, which
grows up with learning, which their un-
skilfulness knows not how to fling away!

——SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE,
BUT WISDOM NOT.

Yorick thought my father inspired.——I
will enter into obligations this moment, said
my father, to lay out all my aunt *Dinah's*
legacy, in charitable uses (of which, by the
bye, my father had no high opinion) if the cor-
poral has any one determinate idea annexed to
any one word he has repeated.——Prythee,
Trim, quoth my father, turning round to him,
——What do'st thou mean, by "*honouring*
"*thy father and mother?*"

Allowing them, an' please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, where they grew old.——And didst thou do that, *Trim*? said *Yorick*.——He did indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*.——Then, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the *Decalogue*; and I honour thee more for it, corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadst had a hand in the *Talmud* itself.

C H A P. XXXII.

Burton
p 170 **O** Blessed health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter,——thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,——and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue.——He that has thee, has little more to wish for;——and he that is so wretched as to want thee,——wants every thing with thee.

num

*O Beata Sanitas, te præsente ana,
Vix floret gratius, absq, te nemo beatus*

I have concentrated all that can be said upon this important head, said my father, into a very little room, therefore we'll read the chapter quite thro'.

My father read as follows.

Ld Bacon VI. P 104

"The whole secret of health depending
"upon the due contention for mastery betwixt
"the radical heat and the radical moisture"
"——— You have proved that matter of fact,
I suppose, above, said Yorick. Sufficiently, replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book;—— not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his forefinger in the chapter:—— nor pettishly——for he shut the book slowly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it, without the least compressive violence.——

I have demonstrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, most sufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, sufficiently demonstrating, That the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moisture*, — and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word wet or dry upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter, — or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal œconomy————

“ O thou eternal maker of all beings ! ” — he would cry, striking his breast with his right hand, (in case he had one) — “ Thou whose power and goodness can enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite degree of excellence and perfection, — What have we MOONITES done ? ” *See Voltaire's*

Micromegas

C H A P. XXXIV.

WITH two strokes, the one at *Hippocrates*, the other at *Lord Verulam*, did my father atchieve it.

The

Say? What *Ed Bacon* in his first Volume
p. 104 declares that they do rather
hurt: it is true according to Dr. Shaw's
note at the bottom 270) of the page that

The stroke at the prince of physicians, with
which he began, was no more than a short
insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *Ars*
longa,——and *Vita brevis*.——Life short,
cried my father,——and the art of healing tedious!
And who are we to thank for both, the
one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks
themselves,—and the stage-loads of chymical
nostrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which
in all ages, they have first flatter'd the world,
and at last deceived it.

——O my lord *Verulam*! cried my father,
turning from *Hippocrates*, and making his
second stroke at him, as the principle of nostrum-
mongers, and the fittest to be made an
example of to the rest,——What shall I say
to thee, my great lord *Verulam*? what shall I say^x
to thy internal spirit,—thy opium, thy salt-
petre,—thy greasy unctious,—thy daily purges,
—thy nightly glisters, and succedaneums?

——My father was never at a loss what
to say to any man, upon any subject; and had the
least occasion for the exordium of any man
breathing: how he dealt with his lordship's opi-
nion,—you shall see; but when—I know not:—
we must first see what his lordship's opinion was.

Ed Bacon had not then written his History of Life and Death Vol 3 p. 337 to 433 which is a very tedious composition indeed.

Had he quoted the third, instead of
the first Volume of *Id. Bacon*,
the Arguments would have been
in *Stornes* favor; but in the first
Volume they are 271 *not* 20.

C H A P. XXXV.

Lord Bacon's Works VI. P 105

“ THE two great causes, which conspire
“ with each other to shorten life, says
“ *lord Verulam*, are first——

“ The internal spirit, which like a gentle
“ flame, wastes the body down to death:——
“ And secondly, the external air, that parches
“ the body up to ashes:—— which two ene-
“ mies attacking us on both sides of our bodies
“ together, at length destroy our organs, and
“ render them unfit to carry on the functions
“ of life.”

This being the state of the case; the road
to Longevity was plain; nothing more being
required, says his lordship, but to repair the
waste committed by the internal spirit, by mak-
ing the substance of it more thick and dense,
by a regular course of opiates on one side, and
by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by
three grains and a half of salt-petre every morn-
ing before you got up.——

Still

How
Vol
3d
Vol
337
343

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the inimical assaults of the air without; but this was fenced off again by a course of greasy unctions, which so fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula could enter; — nor could any one get out. — This put a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible, which being the cause of so many scurvy distempers — a course of glisters was requisite to carry off redundant humours, — and render the system compleat.

Shaw's Bacon

Vol.

3^d

between

337 &

343.

What my father had to say to my lord of Verulam's opiates, his salt-petre, and greasy unctions and glisters, you shall read, — but not to-day — or to-morrow: time presses upon me, — my reader is impatient — I must get forwards. — You shall read the chapter at your leisure, (if you chuse it) as soon as ever the *Tristrapædia* is published. —

Sufficeth it at present, to say, my father levelled the hypothesis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and established his own. —

C H A P. XXXVI.

TH E whole secret of health, said my father, beginning the sentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture within us ; — the least imaginable skill had been sufficient to have maintained it, had not the schoolmen confounded the task, merely (as *Van Helmont*, the famous chymist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balsamous substance ; for the fat and tallow, as also the phlegm or watery parts are cold ; whereas the oily and balsamous parts are of a lively heat and spirit, which accounts for the observation of *Aristotle*, "*Quod omne animal post coitum est triste.*" See *Præparat. Dialogue*

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture, but whether *vice versa* is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the

the other decays also; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness——or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies.——So that if a child, as he grows up, can but be taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of 'em threaten his destruction,——'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.——

C H A P. XXXVII.

THE description of the siege of *Jerico* itself, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle *Toby* more powerfully than the last chapter;——his eyes were fixed upon my father, throughout it;——he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle *Toby* took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question,

——*aside*.——* * * * *
 * * * * * It
 was

was at the siege of *Limerick*, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow.

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addresssing himself to my father, were scarce able to crawl out of our tents, at the time the siege of *Limerick* was raised, upon the very account you mention.——Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother *Toby*? cried my father, mentally.——By Heaven! continued he, communing still with himself, it would puzzle an *OEdipus* to bring it in point,—

I believe, an' please your honour, quoth the corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plyed your honour off; — And the geneva, *Trim*, added my uncle *Toby*, which did us more good than all—I verily believe, continued the corporal, we had both, an' please your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.—The noblest grave, corporal! cried my uncle *Toby*, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, that a soldier could
with

wish to lie down in.—But a pit'ful death for him! an' please your honour, replied the corporal.

All this was as much *Arabick* to my father, ^{P 254} as the rites of the *Colchi* and *Troglodites* had been before to my uncle *Toby*; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or smile.—

My uncle *Toby*, turning to *Yorick*, resumed the case of *Limerick*, more intelligibly than he had begun it,——and so settled the point for my father at once.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

IT it was undoubtedly, said my uncle *Toby*, a great happiness for myself and the corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a most raging thirst, during the whole five and twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and
looking

looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.——

———It was heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle *Toby*, which put it into the corporal's head to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along, with hot wine and spices; whereby the corporal kept up (as it were) a continua firing, so that the radical heat stood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moisture, terrible as it was.—Upon my honour added my uncle *Toby*, you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother *Shandy*, twenty toises——If there was no firing, said *Yorick*.

Well—said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing a while after the word———Was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy———
———*Yorick* foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon

upon my father's breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the corporal a question ———Prithee, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, without staying for my father's leave, —tell us honestly—what is thy opinion concerning this self same radical heat and radical moisture?

With humble submission to his honour's better judgment, quoth the corporal, making a bow to my uncle *Toby*—Speak thy opinion freely, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*.—The poor fellow is my servant,—not my slave,—added my uncle *Toby*, turning to my father. ———

The corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his stick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black thong split into a tassel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechism; then touching his under jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth, ——— he delivered his notion thus.

C H A P. XXXIX.

JUST as the corporal was humming, to begin—in waddled Dr. *Slop*.——'Tis not two-pence matter—the corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.——

Well, my good doctor, cried my father sportively, for the transitions of his passions were unaccountably sudden,——and what has this whelp of mine to say to the matter?——

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-dog——he could not have done it in a more careless air: the system which Dr. *Slop* had laid down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of such a mode of enquiry.—He sat down.

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in a manner which could not go unanswered,—in what condition is the boy?—'Twill end in a *phimosis*, replied Dr. *Slop*.

I am no wiser than I was, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—returning his pipe into his mouth.——

Then

Then let the corporal go on, said my father, with his medical lecture.—The corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. *Slop*, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat, and radical moisture, in the following words.

C H A P. XL.

TH E city of *Limerick*, the siege of which was begun under his majesty king *William* himself, the year after I went into the army——lies, an' please your honours, in the middle of a devilish wet, swampy country.--'Tis quite surrounded, said my uncle *Toby*, with the *Shannon*, and is, by its situation, one of the strongest fortified places in *Ireland*.——

I think this is a new fashion, quoth Dr. *Slop*, of beginning a medical lecture——'Tis all true, answered *Trim*.——Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it, said *Yorick*.——'Tis all cut through, and please your reverence, said the corporal, with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle,---

puddle, —'twas that, and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his honour and myself ; now there was no such thing, after the first ten days, continued the corporal, for a soldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water ; — nor was that enough, for those who could afford it, as his honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter dish full of brandy, which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove. —

And what conclusion dost thou draw, Corporal *Trim*, cried my father, from all these premises ?

I infer, an' please your worship, replied *Trim*, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch water — and that the radical heat, of those who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy — the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honours, is nothing but ditch water — and a
dram

dram of geneva——— and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loss, Captain *Shandy*, quoth Doctor *Slop*, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology, or divinity.---*Slop* had not forgot *Trim's* comment upon the sermon.———

It is but an hour ago, replied *Yorick*, since the corporal was examined in the latter, and pass'd muster with great honour.---

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Doctor *Slop*, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being,—— as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—— It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally in my opinion by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.—— Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. *Slop*, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune

to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.——That he has,—— said my father.——Very likely, said my uncle.——I'm sure of it quoth *Yorick*.——

C H A P. XLI.

DOCTOR *Slop* being called out to look at a cataplasm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Tristram pædia*.—— Come ! cheer up, my lads ; I'll shew you land —— for when we have tugged through that chapter, the book shall not be opened again this twelvemonth. —— Huzza ! ——

C H A P. XLII.

—— **F**I V E years with a bib under his chin ;

Four years in travelling from Christ-cross-row to *Malachi* ;

A

* *Peter Edwards Grounds & Reasons*
of the Contempt of the Clergy
 (284) 1670

1st 6

A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more ^x turning it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his *probations* and his *negations* —the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block, —and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it out! —'Tis a piteous delay! —Was not the great *Julius Scaliger* within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all? —Forty- four years old was he before he could manage his Greek: —and *Peter Damianus*, lord bishop of *Ostia*, as all the world knows, could not so much as read, when he was of man's estate. —And *Baldus* himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in his life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when *Eudamidas*, the son of *Archidamas*, heard *Xenocrates* at seventy-five disputing about *wisdom*, that he asked gravely, —If the old man be yet disputing and enquiring concerning *wisdom*, —what time will he have to make use of it?

T 2

Yorick

See too in Dodd's *Shakespeare* p. 1. p. 21. the fragment of *Volant*,
 1749 p. 18 & 19 609 saw 371 173 p. 109 37405 109 17407. the first seven
 years are spent in cutting teeth &c. &c.

Yorick listened to my father with great attention : there was a seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims, and he had sometimes such illuminations in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned for them : — be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, *Yorick*, continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, that there is + a north-west passage to the intellectual world ; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it. — But alack ! all fields have not a river or a spring running besides them ; — every child, *Yorick* ! has not a parent to point it out.

—The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. *Yorick*.

Had *Yorick* trod upon *Virgil's* snake, he could not have looked more surprised. — I am surprised too, cried my father, observing it, — and I reckon
it

it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befell the republick of letters, That those who have been entrusted with the education of our children, and whose business it was to open their minds, and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done—So that, except *Raymond Lullius*, and the elder *Pelegriani*, the last of which arrived to such perfection in the use of 'em, with his topics, that in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, *pro* and *con*, and to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.---I should be glad, said *Yorick*, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter. You shall, said my father.

The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor,—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better ;————but be that as it may,—when the mind has done that, with

it—there is an end,—the mind and the idea are at rest,—until a second idea enters ;—and so on.

Now the use of the *Auxiliaries* is, at once to set the soul a going by herself upon the materials as they are brought her; and by the versability of this great engine, round which they are twisted, to open new tracks of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curiosity greatly, said *Yorick*.

For my own part, quoth my uncle *Toby*, I have given it up. ——— The *Danes*, an' please your honour, quoth the corporal, who were on the left at the siege of *Limerick* were all auxiliaries. ——— And very good ones, said my uncle *Toby*. ——— And your honour rould with them, captains with captains—Very well, said the corporal. ——— But the auxiliaries, my brother is talking about, answered my uncle *Toby*, — I conceive to be different things. —

—— You

—— You do? said my father, rising up.

C H A P. XLIII.

MY father took a single turn across the room, then sat down and finished the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are *am*; *was*; *have*; *had*; *do*; *did*; *make*; *made*; *suffer*; *shall*; *should*; *will*; *would*; *can*; *could*; *owe*; *ought*; *used*; or *is wont*. 3 *have* =
 —— and these varied with tenses, *present*, *past*, *lais*
future, conjugated with the verb *see*, —— or C 3 2
 with these questions added to them; —— p 26.
Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it
be? Might it be? And these again put negative-
 ly, *It is not? Was it not? Ought it not?* ——
 Or affirmatively, —— *It is; It was; It ought*
to be. Or chronologically, —— *Has it been al-*
ways? Lately? How long ago? —— Or hypotheti-
 cally, —— *If it was; If it was not?* What
 would follow? —— *If the French should*

beat the *English*? If the *Sun* go out of the *Zodiac*?

Now, by the right use and application of these, continued my father, in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it.——Did'st thou ever see a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to *Trim*, who stood at the back of his chair:——No, an' please your honour, replied the corporal.——But thou could'st discourse about one, *Trim*, said my father, in case of need?——How is it possible, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, if the corporal never saw one?—'Tis the fact, I want, replied my father,---and the possibility of it, is as follows.

A white bear! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?

Would I had seen a white bear? (for how can I imagine it?)

If

If I should see a white bear, what should I say ? If I shall never see a white bear, what then ?

If I never have, can, must or shall see a white bear alive ; have I ever seen the skin of one ? Did I ever see one painted ?---described ? Have I never dreamed of one ?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or sisters, ever see a white bear ? What would they give ? How would they behave ? How would the white bear have behaved ? Is he wild ? Tame ? Terrible ? Rough ? Smooth ?

——Is the white bear worth seeing ?——

——Is there no fin in it ?

Is it better than a black one ?

END of the FIFTH VOLUME.



